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RISKING THEIR OWN LIVES IN TRYING TO SAVE THE LIFE OF THEIR COMRADE.

A Man Overboard.

(Joseph Woodhouse in 'Friendly Greetings.')

The SS. 'Romana' was three days out from Liverpool to New York when the gale sprang up. It had been a pleasant run, enjoyed by all the passengers, until on the morning of the third day, the barometer fell rapidly, and the sky became overcast. There was an ominous stillness, too, which experienced seamen knew betokened a change in the weather for the worse.

All hands were set to work to get the steamer ready to meet the utmost that wind and waves might do. Captain Henderson had crossed the Atlantic more times than he cared to reckon. For all weather he was prepared, for all emergencies he was ready. No more skilful commander ever walked the bridge of an ocean-going steamer. He had no fear, and his calmness in the greatest peril inspired complete confidence both in passengers and crew. All was in readiness when the gale burst upon them as night came on. Passengers were below; the watch alert; the crew waiting to execute in a moment any orders that might be given.

When the storm struck the steamer she seemed to reel under the blow. From stem to stern she trembled. The waves swept right over her. Some of the sailors could not keep their feet, others clung for dear life to rope or rigging that was near.

And for eighteen hours the vessel was at the mercy of the tempest. Had the engines broken down she must have rolled in the trough of the sea like a log. Had the rudder been damaged nothing could have prevented the 'Romana' from drifting before the wind.

But no finer boat had ever left the stocks of the great Glasgow shipbuilders, Messrs. Westman and Co. Her sea-going qualities could not be better. Her build was perfect.

It was when the storm had somewhat abated that the mishap occurred that almost cost Ben Thompson his life. He was the most trustworthy of the able-bodied seamen aboard, and had sailed with the 'Romana' for three years. He had a real affection for her, and fully believed that there was not a better ship afloat.

The first officer had given him some orders which he was about to carry out, when the steamer gave a great plunge, and shipped a huge quantity of water. Thompson was taken unawares; caught in the mad rush of the waves; lifted in their mighty arms and hurled into the sea.

He gave a scream as he went over, which caught the ear of the captain. 'A man overboard!' was the instant shout. The engines were reversed, and the steamer was brought about.

Half-a-dozen men with ropes and life-belts hung over gunwale and stern. Some flung the belts and ropes into the sea, in the hope that when Thompson rose to the surface he might make for one or other of them.

But in so heavy a sea as that which was running Thompson was not discovered for a few minutes. Fortunately, he was a splendid swimmer. But what could the very best swimmer do in a sea like that?

'There! There he is!' shouted Jim Farmer. And in a moment he had fastened a rope about his waist and was over the side of the steamer. He was followed by Tom Andrews. There they were—risking their own lives in order to save the life of a comrade—clinging with one hand to rope or rigging, and with the other waiting to give a hand to Thompson at the instant some friendly wave would carry him towards the vessel.

What excitement there was! How eager everyone on the ship was to render some aid! How one and another shouted! At last Andrews was seen seizing Thompson's hand, and Farmer had hold of him by the shoulder.

Ah, me! What joy there was when, drenching and dripping, Thompson was hauled aboard! Faint and exhausted he was— but saved. That was the supreme thing.

Saved! There is scarcely a more significant word in the English language! But when it alludes to a soul that is rescued from sin and death through faith in Christ Jesus it marks an epoch in a human life. It means a great deal more than saving Ben Thompson's body from drowning.

'What can a man give in exchange for his soul?'

God's love has provided a way in His Son, Jesus Christ, for all men to know the blessedness of being saved in the Lord with an 'everlasting salvation.'

The familiar hymn puts it in the simplest form when it says:—

'Oh, what a Saviour—that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free;
"He that believeth on the Son," saith He,
"Hath everlasting life!"'

'All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
"Hath everlasting life!"'

'Let Me Go Over Unto the Other Side.'

(E. F. Weston, in the 'Morning Star.')

O the sea of life is rough, and full of dangerous rocks and shoals,
And storm-tossed on the billows high are wrecked and dying souls.
Full many a craft is on the rocks, and the cry of those who drown
Is borne afar on the boisterous wind, as the sun of life goes down.

But the good ship Zion is staunch and true, the Pilot knows the way,
And safe through the channel of love he steers, to the harbor of endless day.
But his great heart yearns for the many souls so sadly tempest-tossed,
And He orders the life-boats launched and away, to gather in the lost.

There are life-boats enough to reach and save each soul that is perishing there,
And personal efforts are sturdy oars in the rowlocks of faith and prayer.
But the volunteers! How strange! how sadly strange and true!
The need so great! the call so clear! yet the volunteers so few!

The heart-breaking cry of shipwrecked souls is heard on every hand,
And above the roar of the storm of life rings the Master's clear command.
This is no time for dalliance, no time for laggard aid,
Quick, man the boat, bend to the oar, launch out—be not afraid.

And when the good ship Zion shall ride safely out the storm,
And in Heaven's harbor anchor, some fair, sweet summer morn,
The crown of your rejoicing, through eternity will be
The shipwrecked ones you rescued here, while sailing o'er life's sea.

Newark, N.J.

God Never Disappoints Us.

(The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in the 'Christian Guardian.')

We cannot trust ourselves too little and we cannot trust God too much. 'Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding.' Somewhere in the future there hangs before us in the air a golden ideal of a perfect life, but as we move on the dream of complete victory over sin moves on also before us. It is like the child running over the hill to catch the rainbow; when he gets over, the rainbow is as far off as ever. If our expectation of spiritual growth and of conquest of temptation rests on our own resolutions and on our own strength, then our day-dreams are continually doomed to disappointment.

'My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.' God never disappoints us. When we study the Almighty in the book of nature or the book of revelation we find our utmost expectation overtopped by the wonderful reality. When we obey God we find the rich reward sooner or later just as surely as day follows the sunrise. When we trust God he never fails us. When we pray to him aright, with faith, with submissiveness, with perseverance and with honest desire to glorify him, he answers us. I do not believe our heavenly Father ever turned a deaf ear to an honest prayer offered in the right spirit. He is a sovereign, and doeth his own wise will; and if it pleaseth him to keep us waiting for the answer, then we must understand that delays are not always denials.

If we have only to demand from God just what we desire, and in the way and the time that suits our pleasure, then we would be snatching God's sceptre and trying to rule the Ruler of the universe. Did you ever know a child that ruled its parents without ruining itself? And if it spoils our children to have their own way, I am sure that it would be for our ruin if we could bend God to our wishes. If this be our 'expectation' from God, then the sooner we abandon it the better. God keeps all his promises, but he has never promised to let you and me hold the reins. He answers prayer, but in the way and at the time that his infinite wisdom determines. Some prayers are not answered at once; more than one faithful mother has gone to her grave before the child whose conversion she prayed for has given his heart to Jesus. Some prayers are answered in a way so unlooked for that the answer is not recognized; eternity will 'make it plain.' For many petitions are answered according to the intention and not according to the letter of the request; the blessing granted has been something different from what the believer expected. Jacob, when he blessed the sons of Joseph, laid his right hand on the son who stood at his left side. So God sometimes takes off his hand of blessing from the thing we prayed for, and lays it on another which is more for our good and his own glory. He often surprises his people with unexpected blessings—and heaven will have abundance of such surprises.

Let us rejoice to remember that our Saviour is God, and in him dwelleth all fulness. 'Of his fulness have we all received,' and the beloved disciple, and John was not disappointed. Neither was Paul when he found himself 'filled with might in the inner man.' There is a fullness of grace and love and power and peace and comfort that his redeemed children have never been able to explore, much less to exhaust. I left some little brooks, nearly run dry, the other day, up in the mountains, but I found yonder harbor, fed from the fathomless Atlantic, as full as ever. 'Oh, how shallow a soul I have to take in Christ's love,' said the holy Rutherford; 'I have spilled more of his grace than I have brought with me. How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand; as little am I able to take away of my great Sea, my boundless and running over Christ Jesus!'

When a friend of mine, long years ago, urged John Jacob Astor to subscribe for a certain object, and told him that his son had subscribed, the old German millionnaire replied very dryly: 'He can do it; he has got a rich father.' Brother Christian, you and I have got a rich father! We are heirs to a great inheritance and possessors of exceedingly precious promises. Let us ask for great things. God must take it ill that we covet so little of the best things and pray with such scrimped and scanty faith. 'Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.' We can easily overexpect from our fellow-creatures, but we cannot overexpect from God. 'The Lord taketh pleasure in those that hope in his mercy, I have read many a biography which ended in bright hopes quenched in blackness of darkness, but I never have read and never have heard of the experience of any man who confessed that he was disappointed in his Lord and Saviour.

'My soul, wait thou only upon God: for my expectation is from him.' There can be no divided responsibility; it is God or nobody. As the old Puritan writer Trapp reminds us: 'They trust not God at all who trust him not entirely; he that stands with one foot on a rock and another foot on a quicksand will sink as surely as he that hath both feet on a quicksand.' The stake is indescribably tremendous, for it involves my eternal destiny. Even heaven is yet only an 'expectation,' but it is from him!

'My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
On Christ the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

A Mother's Faith in Prayer.

A lady came into a certain shop to change a sovereign. The woman took the sovereign to her husband, who gave her the change, but the sovereign could nowhere be found. Their little girl, who was in the room getting her father's supper, was asked, but denied seeing it. Her parents searched, but in vain. The lady had her change, and left. The little girl was sent to bed, and the parents were troubled, but did not like to think their child had hid or secreted the money. The mother, who was a very godly woman, went alone, fell on her knees and prayed, if her child was innocent, that the money might be found. Rising from her knees, she began to wash the plates that were piled together from supper, when at the bottom of one was the coin, adhered to the grease, which was cold, and so cemented the coin. Going upstairs to her little girl, who was quietly crying, she told her how God had answered her prayer, and both rejoiced together, because she had found the piece which was lost, and proved that God is still the Answerer of prayer. He hath said, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.'—'Christian Herald.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Climber.

How should he know, who hath not won
Sure victories from sun to sun—
How can he know, who hath not tried
The peril of the mountain-side,
What strength of arm is his—what zeal
In combat with the brave to deal?
What prowess and what skill he hath
To find his footing on the path—
To cling, and cling, and always keep
His hold of faith along the steep?
Who tries is also tried. Who dares
To scale the heights, their danger shares.
But on the cliff's uneven face
He finds each day a higher place.
His strength expands; he thrills to know
How broad the breathing-places grow:
And every hour some gain is found,
Some view from wider vantage-ground
—Frank Walcott Hutt.

No!

'No!' clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

'I don't often hear such a negative as that,' remarked one gentleman to another as they were passing the play-ground of a village school.

'It is not often anyone hears it. The boy who utters it can say "Yes," too, quite as emphatically. He is a new-comer here, an orphan, who lives about two miles off with his uncle. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more toward running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest dressed scholar in school, and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him.'

'Quite a character; I should like to see him. Boys of such a sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now.'

'All this is true; and if you wish to see Ned come this way.'

The speaker moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate, near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

'It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say "No," I mean it.'

'Well, anyway, you needn't speak so loud, and tell everybody about it,' was responded, impatiently.

'I am willing that everybody should hear what I have got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider, anyway.'

'Such a fuss about a little fun! It is just what we might have expected; you never go in for fun!'

'I never go in for wrong. I told you "No" to begin with, and you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss.'

'Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute.'

'Yes, sir,' and the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate, and waited to see what Mr. Palmer might have to say to him. 'Has your uncle any apples to sell?'

'No, sir; he had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking; would you like to buy them, sir?'

'Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?'

'Yes, sir.'

'All right, then. I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay.'

This short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained that day, his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

'Because I knew you could say "No," if the occasion required,' answered his employer. '"No," was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say "No" is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Much Mothered Youngster

A correspondent of 'Nature' tells the following interesting bird story: A pair of blackbirds built a nest in a small thick laurel, and in another shrub, some four feet off, a pair of thrushes also set up housekeeping. The young in both nests were hatched at the same time, and were successfully reared until, when some eight or nine days old, they were attacked by a cat, who killed all the young thrushes and all the blackbirds except one, which was found hidden under the shrubs. It was continually visited after the tragedy by both the old thrushes and old blackbirds, and two or three hours later was removed in some way to a shrubbery twenty or thirty yards away. There for the last five days it has been fed and looked after by both pairs of birds, who mob with exceptional vigor any intruding cat or dog. The four parents seem in no way jealous of one another.

Remarkable Ants.

A cook was much annoyed to find his pastry shelves attacked by ants. By careful watching it was discovered that they came twice a day in search of food—at about seven in the morning and four in the afternoon. How were the pies to be protected against the invaders?

The cook decided to make a circle round the pie with treacle and await the result. He did not have long to wait, for at 6.30 he noticed that off in the left corner of the pantry was a line of ants slowly making its way in the direction of the pies.

They seemed like a vast army coming forth to attack the enemy. In front was a leader who always kept a little ahead of his troops. They were of the sort known as the medium-sized red ant, which is regarded as the most intelligent of its kind, whose scientific name is 'Formica rubra.'

About forty ants out of 500 stepped out and joined the leader. The general and his aids held a council and then proceeded to examine the circle of treacle.

Certain portions seemed to be assigned to the different ants, and each selected unerringly the point in the section under his charge where the stream of treacle was narrowest. Then the leader made his tour of inspection. The order to march was given and the ants all made their way to a hole in the wall, at which the plastering was loose.

Here they broke rank and set about carrying pieces of plaster to the places in the treacle which had been agreed upon as narrowest. To and fro they went from the nail-hole to the treacle, until at 11.20 o'clock they had thrown a bridge across. Then they formed themselves in line again and marched over, and by 11.45 every ant was eating pie.—The 'Northwestern Advocate.'

An Experiment.

(Susan Brown Robbins, in the 'Dominion Presbyterian.')

'Did you have a good time, Annis?'

'Yes.' The answer came dubiously, and her face wore a weary expression.

'You are tired,' said Ruth, gently. 'Go and lie down till supper is ready.'

Annis passed slowly upstairs, and Ruth went about setting the table. She wondered at her sister's mood. Usually, when she came home from any little pleasuring, she was very happy and animated, eager to tell all she had seen and heard. On this occasion she had expected to have a more than usually delightful time, as she was going to a small gathering of old college friends. Something must have happened to spoil her good time, Ruth decided, and she sighed. Annis had so few. It was a pity for her not to enjoy every one of them.

After nightfall the sisters sat alone, each by a window in the darkening sitting room. 'Tell me all about it,' Ruth had said, and Annis began:

'There were five of us there. The others whom Grace Colburn had invited could not come. First there is Grace herself. She has a beautiful home, a kind husband, and three nice children. She is bringing up her children and managing her house in the best possible way. She makes a study of it, and still finds time to keep up with her music and reading.

'Then there is Ida Scovil, who is a very successful teacher; Edna Mace, a prosperous doctor, and Sarah Dean, who teaches elocution. Last of all there was Annis Proctor, who lives on a farm, and helps to do housework for her brothers and grandfather,' her voice broke.

'Well, it is necessary work,' said Ruth, rather quickly. 'Perhaps as necessary as some of those other things.'

Annis was silent, trying to get control of her voice.

'It isn't wholly that,' she said at length. 'It isn't that I feel the work to be unworthy; it is myself. You know how you sacrificed your hopes and ambitions in order to send me to college, and then when father and mother died, you insisted that I should finish the course. I wanted to do it, too, for, though I knew that my duty was at home here helping you, I felt that the college course would make a difference in my after life. Well, it hasn't.'

'Oh, Annis,' Ruth broke in, 'I think it has.'

'No,' said Annis, doggedly, 'it hasn't. What hopes I had! I meant to continue with my music and painting. I wanted to make our home attractive, so that the boys would think it was the nicest place in the world. I expected to influence the neighborhood, and redeem it from the commonplace. Everything was to be different because I was here.'

'It has been different,' said Ruth. 'You don't know how different.'

'For a month or so it may have been, but after that—I have been a failure. I haven't seen my water-color box for a year, and I haven't touched the piano since winter. There have been times when I have tried to live up to my ideals, but in the years to come I see just what I shall be. Exactly like everyone

else in the neighborhood. Why, even now I run to the window when I hear a team coming. Instead of being an intelligent, cultivated woman, I shall be a fit character for a story by Miss Wilkins.' She laughed a little hysterically.

'But you read,' Ruth protested. 'We all read a great deal.'

'Yes; but as time goes on, our taste will degenerate, and we shall like the weakest of trash.'

Ruth was silent, and after a time Annis went on more quietly. 'All the way home I thought seriously about this. Any one would have seen the difference between those women and me. They have read no more than I have; but they can talk well about what they have read, and on any other subject. They are all wide awake, interested in things, and have enthusiasm. It is stimulating to be with them. But I am dull.

'I have earnestly tried to think how I could remedy this state of affairs, but it is too difficult, if not actually impossible. In winter, of course, there is a chance for reading and for painting and music, and I can make myself give time to them; but in summer there is so much more work to do, that there is no time for those things, so I get out of the habit, and that makes it harder to take them up when winter comes again.

'Then, too, I don't think one can be at one's best in an isolated place like this. I might take short trips to the city, and they would stimulate for a time; but it would not last. All this sounds very selfish, and as if I had thought only of my own precious intellect; but it is not that wholly. I want to make life full and happy for you and the others. After all, though, I see no way. We shall grow provincial together. The boys will marry, and we shall be two eccentric old maids.'

The next morning her mod had changed. She was talkative and gay, telling of the witty things her friends had said, and of the places of note they had visited. Ruth, on the other hand, was grave and preoccupied all day. So when they were sitting alone in the dark again she spoke.

'I lay awake a long time thinking about what you said last night, and I think you are right. Something ought to be done to keep us up to concert pitch. I know how much good it does us to get glimpses of the outside world and its people, but if we have the opportunity only once in a great while there is no lasting benefit. We are tied here and cannot go to the world, so we must have the world come to us.'

'How are you going to do it?' asked Annis.

'I have thought of a plan. Get three school teachers to board here through the summer.'

'But that would make so much extra work that we would have no time to associate with them,' Annis objected.

'I thought of that; but we can take the board money and hire some of the hardest work done.'

Annis started up with animation, and went to light a lamp. 'It is a good plan,' she said, enthusiastically, 'and Aunt Percival is the one to write to about it. She will know just the ones we want.'

Ruth laughed. 'If you write to her we must fix up the three rooms just as soon as the letter is sent. She is so tremendously business-like that she may send them out by return mail.'

Mrs. Percival's letter came in a few days:

'Dear Nieces,—Your three boarders will reach your station at 3.30 p.m. to-morrow, the 9th. Your plan is excellent, but I have revised it a little. The price you mention for board is so low that I have given them to understand that they are expected to help about the work. It will be better for them and for you, also, as you will see more of them. Miss James will help with the dishes, Miss Austin with the sweeping, and Miss Barnes with the chamber work. They are just the girls you want, but there is only one teacher among them.

* * * * * * * *

The train glided slowly away from the little country station. Miss Austin looked out of the window.

'That is ended,' said Miss Barnes, with a sigh.

'Yes, it is ended,' echoed Miss James, and there were tears in her eyes.

'It is the best vacation I ever had,' said Miss Barnes. 'What good times we had doing the housework together, and I don't know when I have done so much reading.'

'I am surprised at the amount of painting I did,' said Miss James. 'I put my colors in my trunk when I started, but I hardly thought I should use them at all. The atmosphere is stimulating there, and they are all so interested in our work that it makes me want to do my very best.'

'They seem different from city people. They are so simple and true. When they say anything you know that they mean it.'

'Well I hope we can go there next summer.'

'I hope so.'

Miss Austin said nothing, and yet the summer had been more to her than to either of the others.

* * * * * * * *

Driving slowly home from the station, Ruth and Annis looked at each other.

'What do you think of our experiment?' Ruth asked.

'A great success. It has done more than I thought it would.'

'They are such dear girls, we shall miss them dreadfully.'

'Yes; but I feel as if I should stay in tune till we can have them come again.'

'One effect I did not think of,' said Ruth diffidently, 'and that is on the boys. I had begun to worry about Joe. I did not want him to marry into that family over at the Four Corners, but I don't think there is any danger now. He sees that there is someone better.'

'No,' said Annis, with a smile, 'I don't think there is any danger.'

'I hope they will come next year,'

'I hope so.'

He Brought the Handkerchief

In his entertaining volume 'All About Dogs,' which he calls 'a book for doggy people,' Mr. Charles Henry Lane tells a story of a gentleman stopping at a hotel in Boston who privately hid his pocket handkerchief behind the sofa cushion in the coffee-room and left the hotel, accompanied by his dog. After walking for some distance, he suddenly stopped and said to his dog: 'I have left my handkerchief at the hotel; go back and fetch it for me,' giving no particular directions about it. The dog immediately returned at full speed, and entered the room his master had just left. He went directly to the sofa, but the handkerchief was gone. He jumped upon tables and counters, but it was nowhere to be seen.

It turned out that a friend of his master had discovered it, and, supposing it had been left by mistake, had taken care of it for the owner. But Tiger was not to be foiled. He flew about the room, apparently much excited, in quest of the 'lost or stolen.' Soon, however, he was on the track. He scented it to the gentleman's coat pocket. What was to be done? The dog had no means of asking for it by word of mouth, and was not accustomed to picking pockets, and, besides, the gentleman was ignorant of his business with him.

But Tiger's sagacity did not suffer him to remain long in suspense. He seized the skirt containing the prize, and, furiously tearing it from the coat, hastily made off with it, much to the surprise of the owner. Tiger then overtook his master and restored the lost property.

A Housewife's Prayer.

An Australian paper prints the following quaint lines, that merit the above title, and which, with all their simplicity, may well help a busy daughter, or a busy mother to make 'the trivial round, the common task,' a real means of grace:—

'When first of work I light the fire,
Jesu, first of thoughts inspire.
When I wash each cup and plate,
Jesu, wash the sins I hate.
When clear the kitchen, make it neat,
Jesu, clear me from deceit.
When I watch and stir the pot,
Jesu, watch me, slumber not.
When the rooms I sweep and clean,
Jesu, sweep ill thoughts unseen.
When I set the midday meal,
Jesu, set on me Thy seal.
When I clean each dish and knife,
Jesu, clean from sin my life.
When spread the supper or the tea,
Jesu, spread Thy love on me.
When at last my work is o'er,
Jesu last, Thy blessing pour
On me sleeping in my bed,
All I've done and all I've said.'

Be Courteous Boys!

'I treat him as well as he treats me,' said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.

'I often go in there and he doesn't notice me,' said Hal again.

'Do you enjoy that?'

'Oh! I don't mind; I don't stay long.'

'I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them.'

'Well, that's different; you're grown up.'

'Then, you really think that politeness and courtesy is not needed among boys?'

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, spoke: 'A boy or a man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature.

'Remember this, my boy. You lower yourself every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down.'
—'Wellspring.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Thirty Days Hath—

The most widely known and oftenest quoted verse in the English language is—

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
February hath XXVIII. alone,
And all the rest have XXXI.

It is the one thing learned at school that nobody forgets, the one aid to memory that really helps remembrance. Yet probably not one person in a hundred thousand who habitually use it in everyday life recollects or has even known the name of its author.

Richard Grafton, who wrote this immortal verse, was one of the earliest and most distinguished of English publishers. He embarked in the business only about sixty years later than Caxton, 'the father of English printing,' and between 1539 and 1553 brought out 'The Great Bible' (Matthew's), Coverdale's Translation of the New Testament, 'Acts of Parliament,' and other books.

Why People Called Her 'So Nice.'

Always shielding others at her own expense.

Making a sacrifice cheerfully whenever one is made.

Avoiding discussions in the presence of a third party.

Apologizing without reservation when an apology is needed.

Conforming her tastes, when visiting, to those of her hostess.

Always repressing criticism when there is anything to praise.

Inquiring after the friends and families of those whom she meets.

Expressing an interest in that which she sees is interesting to others.

Avoiding jokes of a personal nature likely to wound another's feelings.

Showing 'small courtesies' to humble people without an air of patronage.

Looking at people and speaking pleasantly, although she may feel disturbed.

Taking no notice of accidents which happen to others, unless she can give aid.

Never refusing a gift when it evidently comes from the heart and is bestowed with pleasure.

Making no unnecessary allusion to any subject which is known to be disagreeable to another.

Dressing suitably, with consideration for the feelings and the wardrobes of those about her.

Writing letters to those who have benefited her in any way, or to whom she may give help or cheer.

Showing herself happy when she is enjoying herself, remembering it is a pleasure to others to make her happy.—'Great Thoughts.'

The Duke's Modesty.

Dr. James Stalker tells a good story of Sir John Steell, the famous sculptor. When he had the Duke of Wellington sitting for a statue, he wanted to get him to look war-like. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost patience somewhat, and this scene followed:

'As I am going to make the statue of your Grace, can you not tell me what you were doing before, say—the Battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the fields cheering on your men to deeds of valour by word and action?'

'Bah!' said the duke, in evident scorn. 'If you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach, with a telescope in my hand.'

The Choir That Helped.

(John Mervin Hull, in the New York 'Observer.')

At length the arrangements were completed, and I had formally agreed to accept the call to the Rockingham Church. The committee met me in my little study at Ortonville, and as they arose to go the chairman said:

'There is one feature of our service, Mr. Rathbun, which I think you will appreciate, and that is the music. In fact I may confess that we took pains to find out about your interest in music before we extended the call. Rockingham is not a large city, but the people of our church take great pride in having the best music for our services. They are willing to make some sacrifices in order to pay for it, and what is more, they know when they get it. And although our quartette are all Rockingham singers, except Miss Seymour, the soprano, who comes out from Boylston, yet I am confident that there is no better choir in the largest churches in Boylston.'

One Saturday evening a few weeks later, as I was getting ready for my first services in Rockingham, I recalled what Mr. Ward had said about the choir, and the memory produced anxiety rather than elation in my mind. My former pastorates had been in country villages, and I was entirely without experience, as a pastor, of salaried choirs of professional singers. I had read, however, a good many articles and stories about the trouble caused by such choirs, and I knew that my classmate, Ariel Shirland, had to leave the church at Nettleton on account of a quarrel in the choir, in which members of the congregation took sides. Moreover, I had preached a few times in some of the large churches in Boylston. On one occasion the tenor and bass went out during the sermon, and when they returned the incense of stale tobacco and much beer was offered before the Lord; and another time it was whispered around with much interest that the soprano had made a great hit the night before on the vaudeville stage.

While I doubtfully thought on these things, the door of the study opened and my wife announced:

'Wilmot, here is Mr. Lenox, the leader of the choir, to see you about the hymns for tomorrow.'

I was somewhat surprised, but Stella's information was correct, and in addition to the hymns, Mr. Lenox asked me to write my text on the slip. As he looked at the numbers he smiled, and the smile of Evan Lenox was a beautiful thing to see.

'You have selected some of the "good old hymns,"' he said.

'Yes,' I said, 'I like to have all the people join in singing the hymns.'

'Do you prefer congregational singing instead of a choir, Mr. Rathbun?'

'Oh, no,' I replied quickly. 'I think we need both. I have a notion that the Lord arranged the music service of the ancient temple in a most excellent way, when he provided parts for musical instruments, for trained choirs, and for the whole congregation. But,' I continued, 'I think the choir can help the congregational singing a great deal if they are willing to do so.'

Mr. Lenox did not then give me his views on the subject, and after the service the next morning I did not need to ask him for them.

On Sunday morning I came to the church before the bell ceased tolling, and went into the pulpit just as Varina Webb seated herself at the organ. This brought us almost face to face, as the organ and choir were at the right of the pulpit, a step or two lower. When Varina saw me turn my chair toward the organ as if I intended to listen to the voluntary, her face flushed with pleasure, as if it was an unexpected attention. When the first soft notes of the organ whispered their melody, I knew that, as Mr. Ward had said, the church in Rockingham had made some sacrifices in order to get that organ. And what was this music that the organist drew from it? It was green pastures and still waters among the cedar hills of God, and it filled my soul with peace.

When the choir stood up to sing the anthem, I could not help noticing a slight rustling in the large congregation. Those not directly in front of the choir were turning a little so that they could look directly at the singers, and upon the faces of all the people there was a look of restful expectation. The piece was an exquisite setting of the hymn,

'Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,'

and it opened with a bass solo. The other members of the choir were young, but Laban Marlow was nearly seventy. His abundant hair and beard were white as snow, but his face was ruddy and his voice deep and mellow. It was a long, pure life that vibrated in his marvellous tones and made them blend with the younger voices when the other parts brought in the harmony. Every word was distinct, and when the music ceased, the light of hope had brightened some sorrowful faces, and many hearts began to feel the rest for which the Sabbath was made.

When I gave out the psalm the choir read the responses with the rest of the congregation, and then came the first hymn. It was:

'Now to the Lord a noble song,'

set to 'Duke Street.' It was not sung by the choir to the dismal accompaniment of a few feeble wails from the congregation. In reality the choir led the singing and set the tempo, but otherwise they were only a wave in that sea of tone that rose and fell with the ancient tune and brought us to the gates of praise.

And still there were other surprises awaiting me before I began my sermon. At the close of the prayer, instead of the usual response, Evan Lenox, and the alto, Naomi Hebron, sang as a duet a piece that was on the theme of the text which I had given to Mr. Lenox, and which seemed like a preparation for the sermon. But what the choir did after the second hymn nearly took my breath away. They went out into the body of the house and took some of the front seats and looked up at me as if they intended to listen to the sermon.

After that introductory service it seemed to me as if I couldn't help preaching if I tried. My heart was tuned to heavenly things; my theme glowed with heavenly light. It was the beginning of a distinct advance in the quality of my work as a preacher. I found also that by the help of the choir we could use a little more complicated music for the congregation sometimes. We learned to sing 'Nicaea,' 'Jerusalem the Golden' and others with good effect, and one morning when we had almost made the windows shake with Luther's mighty hymn in slow, sonorous unison, old Captain Olmutz, who had been a German officer in the Franco-Prussian war, marched down the aisle

and said to me while he crushed my hand in his powerful grasp:

'I haf not heard "Ein Feste Burg" so sung since Sedan, in 1870. After de battle vas ofer ve lay around our camp fires in de valley of de Moselle, a hundred tausend men, and from those men a mighty voice arose, one single voice from those hundred tausend throats singing Luther's choral as de French prisoners were led past de camp. And den a French officer said to me, "I know what has conquered us, not your rechiments, but your sublime faith ir your God."'

The musical part of the evening service, however, was far less satisfactory. It was called a 'popular' service, held in the large vestry, and we spent the first half hour in singing Gospel hymns Varina Webb was a spirited player, but no piano could unify five hundred people who were not trained to sing together, and the singing was flat and lifeless and invariably dragged.

I discussed the matter with Evan Lenox.

'I have a plan,' I said, 'for putting life and attractiveness into our Sunday evening service and music, and I need your special help for one part of it. Would you be willing to sing one of our Gospel songs as a solo occasionally? It may seem rather puerile to a man of your musical culture—'

'Certainly I will do it,' Evan broke in. 'There is much trash among such music, but so there is among difficult music. Lowell Mason, George F. Root, W. H. Doane and some others are thorough musicians who wrote good but simple music because they saw there was need for it, and I am willing to sing it with the best expression I can give it.'

The next Sunday evening I stood by the piano with a new lead pencil in my hand for a baton. I told the people that perhaps we could keep together a little better if I just marked the time. Although I knew that I had a feeling for accurate time like a metronome, yet my knees trembled and my throat was dry. Nevertheless, I lifted up my head and poised my baton like Mr. Paur before the symphony orchestra. Evan Lenox, Naomi Hebron and Laban Marlow knew about the plan, and they carried the people with them. It was marvellous to see what an improvement that little device made in the music. The people were inspired by their own singing. Then Evan Lenox would take his guitar —David's harp, the people called it—and sing to its soft chords such a piece as 'Saviour, more than life to Me,' or sing with Naomi Hebron a duet like Stebbins' setting of Faber's 'Shepherd True,' and I believe that the hearts of the people were touched the more because they knew that these singers could sing classical music so exquisitely.

And so the evening service became popular in reality as well as in name. The fame of it went abroad. In the summer time, when the windows were open, the people gathered in the street to hear us sing, and some of them began to come into the vestry. I tried to preach the truth simply, and to show how the Gospel applied to all the trials, temptations and sorrows of life, and it was soon evident that there was a deep religious feeling in the congregation. We began to have some special meetings, and arrangements were made so that Aletta Seymour remained to the evening service instead of returning to Boylston. She sat near the piano, and seemed to take great interest in the meetings, and at just the right moment she would whisper a word to Varina Webb, and then sing some song that went straight to the hearts of the people. I remember one Sunday evening in particular. On Saturday afternoon I had attended a concert in Boylston where a great audience went wild with enthusiasm when Aletta sang songs by Schubert, Brahms and Schumann. And now, with all the beauty of her glorious voice, she sang a simple song of invitation that helped many to make a decision for a better life. When I thanked her after the service was over she said very simply:

'I am very glad indeed if what you say about my helpfulness is true. I am a professional singer, but I want to be something more than that, and I hope the time will never come when I shall be unwilling to use my voice for the Master Whose I am and Whom I serve.'

A few weeks later there was a scene in the Rockingham church when joy on earth was mingled with joy in the presence of the angels of God. It was late in May, and through the open windows came the scent of apple blossoms and the song of many birds. The church was crowded to the doors. The interest deepened till we came to that point in the service when I called for those who had been received into the membership of the church to come forward that I might give them the hand of fellowship. One by one they left their places and stood in front of the pulpit, facing the congregation. Parents saw their children there, and wives looked at their husbands through happy tears. Some were old, and some had wandered far away, but they were all brought nigh in Christ. The long line extended entirely across the church, and I left the pulpit and went down to speak to them my words of welcome. As I turned to face them I also faced the choir; for the singers could not leave their seats that day, because the church was crowded. In all the congregation there were none that looked upon the scene with greater interest than the choir, and as far as human means were concerned, they had done much to make it a reality.

Laban Marlow was joyfully weeping, but when I had finished speaking, and was going along the line with the silent hand clasp, the old man hastily controlled himself and made some sign to Evan Lenox. Then he arose, and slowly raising his hands, he lifted the great congregation to their feet, while the clear voice of Evan Lenox started the hymn:

'Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.'

There was melody in the heart that day unto the Lord, and when the voices were still the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God.

His Little Chivalry.

Sometimes the spirit of sympathy and tenderness crops out on apparently barren soil. On the corner of one of the business streets of a city, a shoeblack had just finished polishing the shoes of a well-dressed man. The latter was unfortunate in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him.

'How much shall I pay you?' he asked the boy.

Five cents, sir.

'Oh, but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes,' said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane.

'No, sir,' said the boy; 'five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out o' your hard luck.'

The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a moment, and passed on. Who says the days of chivalry are over?—'Presbyterian Banner.'

This Little Pig Stayed at Home.

A New Jersey farmer tells this remarkable story and vouches for its truth: 'I had more pigs than I wanted to keep, so I sold one to a man living in the neighboring village. The little pig had been living in the pen with his brothers and sisters, and had never been outside of it until the man who bought him put him in a basket, tied down the cover, and put it in his waggon to carry to the new home. Late in the afternoon the farmer who sold it saw something coming across the swamp meadow below home. He watched it struggling through the wet places, climbing the knolls, until he could see that it was his little pig, all covered with mud and very tired. He went straight toward the barn, against which was the only home he recognized. The money was returned to the man who had bought it, and the little pig stayed at home.'

Some Noble Resolutions.

It is told of Warren Hastings that, when a boy, he once sat ruminating on the fields of Draylesford, and vowed in his young heart that those lost parental acres should yet be his; his strong will helped him to realize his early vow; all through his career in India it accompanied him, and was never forgotten, and after long years had passed away the grey-haired Statesman forgot not the determination of his youth, and he did see the lands of Draylesford become his own. A nobler resolution was that of Clarkson, the leader in the Abolition of the Slave Trade, who once on his journey from Cambridge to London, sat down on a spot by the wayside, which is yet pointed out, and there formed the determination of devoting his life to the abolition of the slave trade. His firm purpose once fixed, he never lost sight of it, but spoke, wrote, and labored incessantly, until he finally succeeded in achieving his grand work. He could think of nothing else. When Wilberforce once asked him if he ever thought of the welfare of his soul, his answer was, 'I can think of nothing save those poor slaves in the West Indies!' Not less energetic was the character of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, an earnest laborer with Clarkson in the same cause of slave emancipation.—'Alliance News.'

A Boy Who Has Made Books

It is sometimes thought that the zeal and patience of the mediaeval monks, who would spend many a long hour in illuminating their missals, cannot find any parallel to-day. But a lad in a North London Congregational Sunday-school has just achieved a task that illustrates the same spirit of painstaking and devotion. Alan E. Smith, a boy of fourteen who attends Park Chapel, Camden-town, has not only compiled a little book, 'The Story of John Williams,' which gives a brief history of the missionary himself and of the ships that have borne his name, but has even printed several copies and bound them with his own hand. The printing has been executed by means of a gelatine 'graph,' and is in the style which textual critics call 'uncial.' Not the least interesting feature of the little volume are the illustrations, which are done with considerable skill. They include drawings of ships, a tropical scene, maps, and an excellent portrait of Capt. Turpie.—'Christian World.'

SUSAN JANE.
My dolly Susan Jane is ill;
I sadly fear she's caught a chill—
Her face and lips are white.
You see, I left her in the rain,
My little darling Susan Jane—
I left her out all night!

A New Cinderella.

Mamma was sewing a button on Marjorie's jacket. 'There is something inside the lining,' she said, 'which evidently slipped down through this little hole in your pocket. See, Marjorie, it is your silver penknife.'

'Why-ee, Mamma Merrill! And I thought—' Marjorie's face grew red, and tears filled her eyes. 'Oh, I've been a dre'f'ly wicked girl! But I thought she took it, or I never would have been so mean to her; and now I guess she's sick. Oh, dear!'

The words fairly tumbled over each other, and finally lost themselves in a burst of tears.

'Tell me all about it, dear,' said mamma, drawing the little girl into her lap.

'I thought I left it on my desk at school—the knife, you know—and Flossie Spooner said she was sure she took it—the new little girl, I mean. She wears 'n old brown dress 'n' little tight pigtails stickin' out each side her head 'thout any ribbons on, an' none of the girls 'll play with her.'

Mamma's eyebrows went up enquiringly, and Marjorie hastened to add:

'Flossie Spooner said that girls that didn't have any nicer clothes than that ought not to come to a private school. And the little girl knows we think she took the knife, 'cause one day May Wilder said so real loud, and the little girl went to her seat and cried.'

'But,' interrupted mamma, 'what does Miss Steadman think about this way of treating a little stranger?'

'I don't think she knows how rude we've been. Perhaps she does, though, 'cause last Friday, when she let me stay to help her, she talked about Helen Bright—that's the new little girl's name—and she told me that Helen had no mamma. Then I felt ashamed of myself, and 'cided to be just sweet and nice to Helen the next Monday; but she didn't come, and she hasn't been all this week. Just s'pos'n' she's sick—'thout any mamma, too! I think I ought to go to her this very minute, and beg her pardon! Don't you, mamma dear?'

'Yes, sweetheart; and you may take these for a peace-offering.' And mamma took from a vase a large bunch of beautiful fresh chrysanthemums and put them in a box.

Two hours later Marjorie came back with sparkling eyes and dimpling smiles.

'Helen isn't sick at all!' she announced cheerfully. 'She lives with her great-aunt. But her papa came last Saturday, and what do you s'pose he brought? You never can guess in this world!'

'Then I shall have to give it up,' laughed mamma.

'He brought her a new mamma—such a lovely, pretty lady! And Helen loves her just like—like everything! 'N' I'm so glad I went to tell her I was sorry!'

'So am I,' said mamma, softly.

'Course, 'twas pretty hard telling Helen about the knife. We cried—the new mamma, too—and then we all kissed each other.'

Marjorie stopped to give mamma a loving little squeeze.

'Helen is going to school again to-morrow,' she went on, 'and I'm going round that way to call for her. She isn't going to wear the ugly brown dress any more. Her great-aunt never had any little girl, and she didn't know how much they like pretty dresses, Helen says; but now Helen has loads of pretty clothes! Her new mamma bought 'em for her this week. Isn't that puffectly splendid?'

'Splendid!' laughed mamma. 'It is a little fairy tale in real life, with a kind, fairy godmother to change the poor little Cinderella into a beautiful princess.'

'Why-ee, so 'tis! Only think, mamma, I didn't know Helen when she opened the door this afternoon! She looked such a dear in a pretty new dress, and her hair in wavy curls with a pink bow on top. She's the sweetest, prettiest little girl in my school!'—'Every Other Sunday.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Frisky.

(By Don Clark, aged 10.)

I am a little red squirrel and my name is frisky.

I live in a hollow tree behind a large old house.

The little boy that lives in the house puts out bread and cheese and pieces of food for me.

There are three great animals at the house which I heard called cats. They often chase me.

I have storehouses to put the food in that the little boy gives me.

One day the little boy's grandpa had a cake of grease for greasing his saw. I stole up and took it. Then I scolded him because I did not like it.

There are also three larger animals than the cats, but they do not

look so fierce. I hear them called cows. They do not chase me as the cats do.

I am very frightened of the crows because I think they might carry me off and eat me.

There is another squirrel lives here and the little boy calls it Fancy. We chase each other for bread and then the bluejays chase us to get it from us.

I dig tunnels in the snow and I can run in them from one place to another, and the bluejays can not catch me.

Some boys are bad enough to throw stones at us, but the little boy at the house does not do that.

About Christmas time the little boy gave me nuts and candy, and I liked them very much, especially the nuts, but I liked the candy very well.

I may tell you more about myself some other day.

Chatham, N.B.

The Bright Side.

(By C. S. Valentine.)

Beautiful Nelly and plain little Sue
Were ready to go to visit Aunt Lou;
But the big raindrops began to fall,
And they knew they couldn't go at all.

Beautiful Nelly, so lovely and neat,
Pouted and frowned and stamped her feet.
She wasn't as pretty, not by half,
As plain little Sue, who said with a laugh:

'We can't go out, but only think!
The dear, sweet flowers will have a drink,
And the rain will wash the dust away
And make it cool, so we can play.'

Now, my dear children, cannot you see
(It's surely as plain as one, two, three)
That your hearts will always be merry and light
If you look, like Sue, on the side that's bright?—Exchange.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Faithful Sentinel.

Dulcie! where are you? Oh! you've got baby, and I wanted you to play with me.'

'I'll play with you by-and-by,' said gentle little Dulcie; 'but baby is not well, and will not lie in his crib, and Mother has a letter to write, so she has trusted me with him for a little. See how good he is now! he likes sister Dulcie!' and baby, soothed by gentle nursing and the sweet, fresh air, forgot his troublesome teeth, and, leaning his head on Dulcie, seemed inclined to drop off to sleep.

'He's asleep,' declared Rupert: 'put him down, Dulcie, he'll be all right now, and come along with me to play at soldiers.'

The proposal was very tempting. But Dulcie shook her head. 'He'd be sure to wake if I moved; but, Rupert, play soldiers here. Be our sentinel. Pretend baby is a Prince, and that you will guard him at the peril of your life.'

'Oh, yes, I'll do that,' said Rupert, pleased at this warlike game, 'and I'll ask Mother if I may have the Zulu spear out of the hall. It will be more real than this old bulrush.'

He ran indoors and returned with the spear; but mother said that he must walk up and down the road by the gate, for she was afraid of baby or Dulcie being hurt by the spear if the sentinel were very near them.

So up and down walked Rupert, feeling very real, and resolved to die sooner than allow any foe to molest his 'Prince.' But no one came—it was a lonely country road, and Rupert was beginning to feel a little weary, and to wish that Dulcie would come and relieve guard, when he suddenly heard shouts and the tramp of feet along the lane. In another minute he heard the cry,—'Mad dog! Mad dog!' and round the bend of the road came the poor dog, closely pursued by men with sticks and stones.

'Run! run!' they cried, as they came in sight of Rupert, 'the dog is mad!'

Rupert heard the words and turned deadly pale, but he stood stock still. 'A sentinel must not desert his post,' he said quickly to himself, and he planted himself right in the middle of the straight path which led to Dulcie and baby, and he held the Zulu spear firmly in front of him.

This all took but a few seconds, and now on came the dog, snapping and foaming as it ran. It heeded no obstacles, and in its fury ran straight upon the spear; it entered its eye, and the poor beast rolled on one side with the shock. This gave time for the men to come up, and in another minute they had killed the dog.

'You're a plucky little fellow,' said one of the men. 'How was it you did not run away?'

But now that all was over, Rupert felt anything but plucky, and would have liked to cry. And then mother appeared, and when she learnt how Rupert had protected his sister and baby, she kissed him as if she could never leave off.

'But I was sentinel, Mother,' explained Rupert, simply, 'so you see I was obliged to stay at my post.'

Mother could not answer, she was too much overcome at the thought of the danger her children had been in. But though she could not speak, she could and did pray, that in the days to come Rupert might stand as firm when tempted by Satan, as he had shown himself to-day in encountering an earthly foe.—'Sunday Reading.'

How Nannie Gave.

Nannie had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her father to change it into dimes.

'What is that for, dear?' he asked.

'So that I can get the Lord's part out of it.'

When she got it into smaller coins, she laid out one of the ten.

'There,' she said; 'I will keep that until Sunday.'

When Sunday came she went to the offering box in the church vestibule and dropped in two dimes.

'Why,' said her father, as he heard the last one jingle in, 'I thought you gave one-tenth to the Lord?'

'I said one-tenth belongs to him, and I cannot give him what is his own. So, if I give him anything, I have to give him what is mine.'—'Advocate.'

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 8, 1905.

Daniel in the Lion's Den.

Daniel vi., 10-23.

Golden Text.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. Ps. xxxiv., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 2.—Dan. vi., 1-9.
Tuesday, Oct. 3.—Dan. vi., 10-17.
Wednesday, Oct. 4.—Dan. vi., 18-28.
Thursday, Oct. 5.—Ps. xxiv., 1-10.
Friday, Oct. 6.—Heb. xi., 32-40.
Saturday, Oct. 7.—Joh. v., 17-27.
Sunday, Oct. 8.—Ps. cxxiv., 1-8.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The Hebrew race has furnished several prime ministers of first ability to great empires. Not to mention those of profane history and modern times, Joseph was chief adviser of Pharaoh in Egypt and Daniel of Darius in Babylon. In neither instance was there anything in the religion of the incumbent to unfit him for affairs of State. On the contrary, there was much that qualified. But religion did not shelter from the shafts of envy. Though 'chaste as ice or pure as snow,' he could not escape calumny. No 'crime was so great as daring to exist.'

The unswerving rectitude of this fearless Hebrew was a constant rebuke to his fellow-officials. Just at this juncture the king took steps toward a civil-service reform and meditated making Daniel head of the bureau. It looked as if their peculations were about to be unearthed. Self-preservation as well as jealousy now prompted the conspiracy against the life of this incorruptible servant of the State.

The plot was well suited to the king's vanity and weakness. It was cleverly suggested that obedience to this decree would be a conspicuous recognition of the fact that the king not only reigned by Divine right, but that he himself was Divine. This is a figment of antiquity which survived even to our own day in the Divine nature accorded until recently to the Mikado of Japan.

Daniel had a room built on the flat roof of his palace, a sky-parlor, where, isolated from his household, he could give himself to devotion. For fifty years his face upturned in prayer at the lattice had been a familiar sight to the passerby. The very inveteracy of his habit is what suggested the trap to his enemies. The decree is sealed. It is irreversible. Daniel knows it. Will he desist or continue? His life is the forfeit. Lynx eyes are on his lattice. At the appointed hour he appears there according to his custom. It is not with the spirit of bravado; not because he is reckless and headstrong; but because a principle is at stake, and he is the most conspicuous representative of his race. As he does, so will they. The power of a thousand sermons is concentrated in his conduct in this emergency. Great in the council-chamber, he is greater in the closet of prayer.

The weakness of Darius makes a good foil for the courage of Daniel. If he had not the adage, 'A bad promise is better broken than kept,' he had at least the principle which underlies it, for that is perennial. The promise to do an unjust and inhuman thing is best kept in the breach of it. Or, if this fiction of the remediless penalty must be observed, then Darius should have gone to the den in Daniel's stead.

The palace and the den—What a contrast? In that building 'the marvel of mankind,' the monarch of the world, was restless and unhappy. He loathed the dainties of his banquet-room, nor would he listen to music. Sleep forsook him. An upbraiding conscience and a consciousness of unkingly weakness were his companions.

In the den Daniel had the indescribable joy of an approving conscience, void of offence toward God and man. He had the fulfilment of the promise, 'He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.' His security was complete, his companionship angelic. The steadfastness of Daniel and his consequent miraculous deliverance was the finishing touch in the providential process of preparing the Hebrews for their exit from bondage. The circumstance had a powerful educative effect upon the heathen also.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

I. Daniel, the Religious Prime Minister.
  Not unfitted, but qualified by his faith.
  Other instances, ancient and modern, of religion in statesmen.
II. Daniel an Object of Envy.
  His rectitude cause of it.
  Self-preservation on part of his enemies.
III. The Plot.
  Appeal to king's weakness.
IV. Daniel's Constancy.
  Not bravado. A principle at stake.
  His conduct worth 1,000 sermons.
V. Darius in Contrast.
  Not strong enough to break a bad promise.
  Contrast the palace and the den and the state of their respective tenants that night.
VI. The Happy Denouement.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Religion not impracticable. Nothing in it inimical to true success. On the contrary, the best preparation for business, professional, political, social, and domestic life. Instances: History, sacred and profane, ancient and modern.

The meanness of envy. The despicable means it will take to accomplish its end.

The elevation of weak and vain men to office a public misfortune.

Incidental evidence of the authenticity of Scripture. Casting into a lion's den a mode of capital punishment in Babylon.

The use of providential crises, where, by a heroic stand, one can do a lifetime of good in a few moments.

Examples of the habit and spirit of prayer in those occupying high positions.

Bad promises; the folly of making them, and what to do with them when once made.

The desirability of a good conscience, which can transmute a lion's den into a safer and happier place than a royal palace.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 8.—Topic—The Christian's trials and triumphs. Jas. i., 1-8.

Jesus was a Church-goer. When the church door opened he always went in. It is recorded of Him, 'Jesus went into the synagogue on the Sabbath, as His custom was.' In His controversy with His critics, the scribes, He said, 'Which of you convinceth Me of sin?' He did not mean any vile crime, but the sin of omitting any religious service. He could challenge them to show what feast or festival he had absented Himself from. Again it is written of Him, 'Thus it became Him to fulfill all righteousness.' Whoever omits Church attendance can not justify himself in the example of the divinest man who ever walked the earth. For it was the habit of Jesus to go to Church.

Junior C. E. Topic.

STORIES ABOUT JOSHUA.

Monday, Oct. 2.—Joshua as a good soldier. Ex. xvii., 8-13.

Tuesday, Oct. 3.—Joshua as a good servant. Ex. xxiii., 11.

Wednesday, Oct. 4.—Joshua chosen as leader. Num. xxvii., 15-23.

Thursday, Oct. 5.—God was with Joshua. Josh. i., 9.

Friday, Oct. 6.—Death of Joshua. Josh. xxiv., 29, 30.

Saturday, Oct. 7.—Joshua's influence on others. Josh. xxiv., 31.

Sunday, Oct. 8.—Topic — Stories from Joshua's life. Josh. xxiii., 1-14.

The Teacher in Touch With The Child's Memory.

(The 'Evengel.')

(Concluded.)

There is another phase of this subject of great importance to the teacher. We must remember that no piece of knowledge stands alone

'Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.'

It is necessary that the teacher be in touch with the child's memory in order to learn just what is there—to get hold of the near end of the chain and attach new links. Recall how much time was expended when an end of the great Atlantic cable was lost overboard. If we would attach a new link to a chain, it is just as necessary that we have the end of the chain as that we have the new link. A teacher should have just as firm a grip upon the knowledge that is in the child's mind as on the lesson which he desires to impart. I saw a little boy with both arms in the water. In a moment he drew them out and laughingly said, 'I thought I was tying this rope to the anchor, but I didn't tie it to anything but the water.' Many a piece of knowledge is simply tied to the air because we have failed to get hold of the end within the mind. A few terse questions will generally act as a grappling iron to bring to the surface this needed end.

But heed a word of caution just here. We must not always imagine that what has been previously taught has been forgotten because it is not immediately reproduced at the request of the teacher. The question by which the knowledge is sought may be unskillfully framed or the child may be inattentive at the moment, or may not be able to express in language what it knows. The utmost of tact is needed in this work. Truths and facts should be elicited or enticed from the memory—that is drawn out by cunning and skill.

Then still another word of caution. Do not simply place the new facts and lessons by the side of the old ones. Be sure to tie them together. Out of the home went a boy with a beautiful kite, a large ball of string, and a happy heart. In a few moments he returned without a kite, without half of his string, and with a tear-stained face. He said, 'The wind took her up over the river, and all at once, away into the air went the end of the string. I had two balls together, and I forgot to tie the ends.' Bigger boys have lost more valuable things than kites because truths have not been properly united in their minds.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 397 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

The Drunkard's Dream.

(Francis S. Smith, in the Irish Temperance League 'Journal.')

The drunkard lay on his bed of straw,
In a poverty-stricken room—
And near him his wife and children three
Sat shivering in abject misery,
And weeping amid the gloom.
And as he slept the drunkard dreamed
Of happy days gone by,
When he wooed and won a maiden fair,
With rosy cheeks and golden hair,
And heavenly, soft blue eyes.

Again he wandered near the spot
Where Mary used to dwell,
And heard the warbling birds
His darling loved so well,
And caught the fragrance of the flowers
That blossomed in the dell.

Again he at the altar stood,
And kissed his blushing bride,
And, gazing on her beauty, felt
His bosom swell with pride;
And thought no prince could rival him,
With Mary at his side.

The drunkard's wife is brooding o'er
The happy long ago—
In mute despair she sighs, and rocks
Her body to and fro,
He dreams, she thinks, yet both their thoughts
In the same channel flow.

But now upon the drunkard's brow
A look of horror dwells,
And of his fearful agony
Each feature plainly tells—
Some hideous scene, which wakes despair,
His dream of bliss dispels!

Upon him glares a monster now,
With visage full of ire,
And yelling fiends, with ribald songs,
Replace the feathered choir,
And the pure water of the spring
Is turned to liquid fire.

And as the red flames leap and roar
Around the brooklet's brink,
The fiends a flaming goblet raise,
And urge the wretch to drink,
While overhead the stars fade out,
And all is black as ink.

'Drink, comrade, drink!' the demons cry,
'Come to our banquet come!
This is the fitting draught for those
Who sell their souls for rum!'
No word the drunkard speaks, but stares
As if he were stricken dumb.

And now they point him to the brook,
And cry, 'See, drunkard, see!
Amid yon flames are struggling
Your wife and children three,
And in their terror and despair
They call for help on thee!'

He rushed to aid them, but at once
The demons blocked his way,
And then he sank upon his knees
In agony to pray;
But palsied was his tongue, and he
Could not petition say.

The drunkard writhed, and from his brow
Cold perspiration broke,
As round the forms of those he loved
Curled up the flame and smoke,
And, shrieking in his agony,
The wretched man awoke!

He glared around with frenzied eyes—
His wife and children three
Sat shivering in their tattered rags,
In abject misery,
And wept outright to look upon
His waking agony.

A pause—a sigh—and reason's light
Again did on him beam,
And, springing to his feet, he cried,
'Thank God, 'twas but a dream,
And I, perchance, may yet regain
My fellow-man's esteem!'

Then reaching forth his trembling hands,
He from the table took
A mother's gift when he was wed—
The good God's Holy Book;
And while his loved ones knelt around,
A solemn vow he took:

God helping me, I ne'er again
Will touch the poisoned bowl
Which ruins health and character,
And steeps in guilt the soul,
And swells the fearful list of names
Affixed to Satan's scroll!

'Help me, O Lord! to keep this vow—
To shun each vicious den
Wherein I'd feel the tempter's power
To make me sin again!'
And from his sobbing wife's white lips
Arose a loud 'Amen!'

And then on her wan visage beamed
A smile of joy once more,
And clinging to her husband's neck,
She kissed him o'er and o'er,
And wept such happy tears as she
Had never wept before.

He kept his vow, and from that time
Their home did heaven seem;
No discord now—sweet peace was theirs,
And love their only theme,
And daily both gave thanks to God
Who sent the Drunkard's Dream.

Balancing Accounts.

A thick set, ugly looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

'You seem to be much interested in your writing,' I said.

'Yes; I've been figuring my account with Old Alcohol, to see how we stand.'

'And he comes out ahead, I suppose?'

'Every time; and he has lied like sixty.'

'How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?'

'That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me; but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up; but he made me go staggering around, and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me "sick as a dog."'

'Of course.'

'He said he would steady my nerves; but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength; and he made me helpless.'

'To be sure.'

'He promised me courage.'

'Then what followed?'

'Then he made me a coward; for I beat my sick wife, and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits; but instead he made me act like a fool, and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me; but he made a tramp.—'Waif.'

Scientific Temperance Teaching in Schools.

In France scientific temperance is regularly taught and examined in all the state schools. In Belgium, temperance lectures are ordered to be given from time to time in all the state schools, temperance reading books are to be used, and temperance wall sheets displayed. In German schools occasional temperance lectures must be given from time to time by order of the government, and it is intended shortly to introduce systematic temperance teaching as an ordinary school subject. In Austria the Education Department of Vienna have directed temperance lectures to be given from time to time in all state schools, and, further, that all libraries maintained for the use of teachers shall contain a certain number of books treating scientifically of the injurious effects of alcohol.

Among English-speaking countries scientific temperance has been taught for many years in the greater part of the United States. Since Georgia last year came into line with the other States of the Union in the matter, this teaching is now universal there. It is also given in Canada and a Canadian lady told us not long since how very thorough the instruction is, and that she believed it is principally due to this teaching that Canada stands as it does at the bottom of the list of countries in the matter of the consumption of alcohol.

In New South Wales temperance teaching has been introduced into the schools within the last year. In the other States of the Commonwealth all that is done as yet is to give occasional temperance lessons, and to hang up temperance wall sheets in schools, but an earnest agitation is being carried on for more than this.—'Exchange.'

Effect of Smoking on Boys and Youth.

(The Rev. F. Hill, D.D., in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Boys learn to smoke because it is a habit of our times; because it is sanctioned by the practice of many eminent men in all the walks of life. More than one boy has replied to my argument on the ground of health: 'My doctor smokes;' on the ground of morals: 'my pastor smokes;' on the ground of higher breeding: 'my father smokes.'

Now, while tobacco is injuirous to everyone, it is far more hurtful to those who are growing. All physicians agree in saying that a boy who uses tobacco can never be as large or well developed a man as he could have been without it. He can never have the strength of body nor the vigor of mind that he would have had except for the use of tobacco.

Dr. Willard Parker says: 'Tobacco is ruinous in our schools and colleges, dwarfing body and mind.' Dr. Ferguson: 'I believe that no one who smokes tobacco before the bodily powers are developed ever makes a strong, healthy man.' Prof. Richard McSherry, President of the Baltimore Academy of Medicine, says: 'The effect of tobacco on school boys is so marked as not to be open for discussion.' Dr. N. B. Delamater, specialist in mental and nervous diseases, says: 'The use of tobacco in any form previous to sixteen years of age has an undoubted tendency to lower very materially the mental force and acumen, and to render the user a person without ambition, and may even cause insanity or idiocy.' Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, says: 'Tobacco retards both physical and mental development of boys and youth. This effect is so fully proved that all intelligent writers agree in prohibiting the use of this narcotic until maturity of youth has been attained.' Out of thirty-two young men in New York City who were recently examined for West Point cadetship, only nine were accepted as physically sound. Beer, the cigarette, too much amusement, and the hidden vices are making havoc with the physical manhood of all our towns and cities.—'Journal of the American Medical Association.'

Mr. Charles Bulkley Hubbell, of the New York Board of Education, says: 'I have found that a boy who smokes becomes morally and mentally weaker than those who do not. I have observed that boys who are employed in business houses and smoke are often dishonest, and that they never attain the success that non-smoking boys do.'

Principal Bancroft, of Philips Academy, says: 'Tobacco is the bane of our schools and colleges, and increasingly so. Teachers who have given any attention to the subject agree that boys go down under its use in scholarship, in self-respect, in self-control. It takes off the fine edges of the mind, injures the manners, and dulls the moral senses. School disorders are always rank with the fumes of tobacco.'

In Oberlin no professor or teacher is employed who uses tobacco, and it is strictly prohibited in the college. Among the terms of admission to the Training School for Boys at Oxford, Ohio, is found printed in italics: 'No pupil will be received into the boarding hall who uses tobacco in any form.'

CORRESPONDENCE

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Three Little Chicks.' Marjory Armour, (12), A.M., Ont.

2. 'Uncle Sam.' Roy McManus (12), G., Que.

3. 'Good Friends.' Wilford N. Shultz, G., Ont.

4. 'At Break of Day.' Harvey Listowel, T. Ont.

5. 'Barney.' Charles Hayson (13), A., Ont.

Lexington, Ore.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers, Roy and Arthur, and one sister, Annie. My father is a thrasher man.

I was to the Lewis and Clark Fair at Portland the first of June, and it was just grand, and I saw the U.S. flag formed by five hundred school children.

I will be fifteen the 28th of August, and today is Mamma's birthday.

I am in the eighth grade in my studies at school.

EFFIE CAMPBELL.

St. I.

Dear Editor,—I always look forward to Fridays, because of the 'Messenger.' I am nine years old, and have passed for the fourth book. We are drawing in the hay now, and I drive for the hay-loader.

My two sisters were in London, Ont., and stayed about two weeks. They came home last night, and brought my cousin with them. My Auntie from New York is visiting us.

KATHLEEN SWITZER.

R., Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have taken it quite a while, and think it is a lovely little paper. I live on a farm with my mother. My papa is dead, and I have no brothers or sisters. For pets I have a cat called 'Priscilla,' and a cow called 'Clover.' I am very fond of reading. Some of the books I have read are the 'Wide, Wide World,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Driven back to Eden,' 'Aunt Jane's Hero,' and more that I will not mention. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday School. My teacher's name is Miss G. My birthday is November 2nd.

FAITH WATT.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the 'Little Folks' page. On the 8th of Sept. I will be eleven years old. Mabel Brebner says her birthday is on Sept. 16th. My brother's is on Sept. 14th. I live on a farm a mile from town, and would not exchange it for the city. I attend the Presbyterian Sunday School. I am in the senior third at school. Being very fond of reading, I will name some of the books I have read, they are: 'Drifted Ashore,' 'Not Forsaken,' 'My Neighbor's Shoes,' 'Sukey's Boy,' 'Tempest and Sunshine,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Ten Nights in a Bar-Room,' and 'Gentleman Jim.'

For pets I have a chicken, two cats and a little mud-turtle; their names are 'Browny,' 'Tiger,' 'Black-Nose,' and 'Myrtle.' 'Tiger' is as old as I am. My father found the turtle crossing the railway track a short time ago. It will eat as many flies as I can catch for it.

MAY A.

(No address given.)

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and the house is on a hill, and I can go up about fifty feet above the level of the house and see a number of places of interest, an old copper mine, and asbestos mine, a slate quarry, two towns, and a lot of farms. We are haying now. We have four cows, three horses, thirty lambs and sheep, thirty-nine chickens. We had a crazy chicken that took fits, and had to be killed, and a hawk took one (a chicken or a fit? C. E.) We have a dog, a cat, and two kittens. We have apples, plums, pears, and English cherries in the orchard, and a big flower garden. I like the 'Messenger' very much.

JAMES W. BROWN.

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write a few lines to you, saying that I am glad the 'Messenger' has come back to our Sunday School. I wrote to the 'Messenger' before, telling my trip to the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, and my trip across the ocean. I have been to the Zoo, and Alexander Palace. I am eleven years old. I am in the sixth grade. We are having our holidays now. My favorite lessons are writing and composition. My favorite books are the 'Wide, Wide World,' 'What is her Name,' 'Jill's Red Bag,' 'The two little Savages,' 'Queechy,' 'The Stranger in his Gates,' 'A Chum Worth Having,' 'The Crown of Glory,' 'Elsie Series,' 'Widow Winpenny's Watchword,' 'The Magic Forest,' and 'Jim Bently's Resolve.' I have a flower and vegetable garden of my own. We have two acres of ground. We learn domestic science. The girls in the third book learn sewing, and when I go back to school I'll have cooking, I think.

I remain,
All the same,
GLADYS JOHNSON is my name.

N. B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near some gold mines. We see trains passing on the Halifax and South Western Railway from our house. It crosses the Port Medway a short distance from here. The chief industries here are farming, lumbering and mining.

CLARENCE A. C.

C., Assa.

Dear Editor,—My father keeps a store, and has had it since 1884. There is a band here, which plays in the street in the summer time. I have three brothers and no sisters, but have often wished for a little sister to play with. When I was small and could not read, my father would read the letters to me, and when he would come to this sentence (and like the 'Messenger' very much), he would let me say 'very much.'

MARION P (aged 9.)

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My Grandpa died on the 26th of July. We miss him very much. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine; mine is on the 5th of February. I am twelve years old. I was born in London, England. I came from England when I was six years old. I have read quite a number of books. Some are, 'The Gold Thread,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Daph and her Charge,' 'Bide a Wee,' and other Scotch poems, and a lot of other books which I cannot remember now. I am in the senior third reader at school. I think I will close, with kind regards to the Editor, and all the readers of the 'Messenger,' which paper I like very much.

MAY W.

Rapid City, Man.

Dear Editor,—I noticed that one of my school-mates, 'Gussy S.,' has written to the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write too. I am very fond of flowers. My favorite flower is the rose. We have very pretty wild roses here, sometimes they are almost white, and others are as red as they can be. Occasionally I find both light and dark on one bush. We have many blue bells here, too, they are just the shape of bells, with scalloped edges. The anemone's and buttercups are out in bloom now. The Three Flowered Avens and violets will come out next. Later on the lily and lady slipper will come into bloom. All summer long there are flowers to be found on the prairie. The Little Saskatchewan river flows through this city. It is not very large, but it is very dangerous in some places. There are so many deep holes in it, and such a strong current, and also there are rapids. It is about three miles from our door, but we can see it quite plainly. The land around here is rolling, and there are many bluffs. These bluffs are chiefly poplar, with some oak scrub, hazel, saskatoon, and willow trees. Gooseberries are often amongst the trees, and very often there are sloughs in the centre of the bluff. I am very fond of reading, my favorite authors are, Pansy and A. L. O. E. I have read the 'Messenger' ever since I could read. I am the eldest of a family of seven. I have two sisters and four brothers.

SARAH RADCLIFFE (age 13).

C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in a pleasant home in Clarence, Nova Scotia, and the name of our farm is 'Sunny Lodge.' I am a little girl of seven years, and will be eight years on October 21st.

My father has a span of black horses, and one of them has a dear little colt, and we call him 'Billie Boy.' We have a Missionary Band here, it is called the 'Maple Leaf.' It has thirty-two members, and last year we had over ten dollars in our mite boxes. We have a nice school, and I go all the time, for we live very near. My little brother Manning takes your paper, and we all like and read it.

EDITH G. JACKSON.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Every Sunday I see quite a few letters in the correspondence page, so I thought I would write a short letter, too. I am very fond of reading, and shall name some of the best books I have read. They are as follows: 'The Elsie Books,' 'Bessie Books,' 'The Lamplighter,' 'Queechy,' and others which are quite as interesting. I wonder if any of the readers have a birthday on the same date as mine, Nov. 16th. I passed the Entrance Examination this summer, and am going on to the Collegiate.

FRANKIE K.

Montreal.

Dear Editor,—I saw the question asked in the 'Messenger,' Which is the middle verse in the Bible? It is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except 'J.' The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th of Esther. The shortest is the 35th of the 11th of St. John.

VIOLET SMITH.

(We are keeping your picture for Easter.—Cor Ed.)

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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Miss Eleanor Cunningham, North [illegible] Point, Cape Island, 25c.; Gertrude P. Lawson, Ruckley's Corner. 10c.; total, 35c.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Seasons of the Heart.

(Edward Wilbur Mason, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

If we be blithe and warm at heart,
If we be sound and pure within,
No sorrow shall abide with us
Longer than dwells the sin;
Though autumn fogs the landscape fold,
Though autumn tempests roam,
Our summer is not over yet—
We keep the sun at home.

But if our heart be void and cold,
Be sure no good will live therein,
But sorrow for the sorrow's sake,
And sin because of sin;
And aye the dropping of the leaf,
And aye the falling of the snow,
And aye the barren, barren earth—
Though summer winds do blow.

The Reform of Thomas.

Mrs. Niblick was skilled in a kind of marital alchemy, an art possessed by a few of her sex, by which Niblick's defects were converted into something like virtues. The Chicako 'News' tells of this transformation, which was so easy that Niblick's family thought that it was spontaneous. As soon as the Niblick's returned from their honeymoon trip Niblick's mother took the bride aside and spoke to her confidentially.

'Perhaps I should say nothing at all, my dear,' she said, 'but my motherly affection for Thomas doesn't blind me to his faults, and there's no doubt about it he's the most disorderly of men. I don't want to assume the attitude of an adviser, but if I were you I'd accept the fact philosophically, and not try to reform him. I've been trying to do that ever since he was able to run alone.'

The bride looked thoughtful. 'I'm glad you told me,' she said. 'I hadn't noticed that he was careless.'

'He'll soon show it,' said the mother.

Shortly after Niblick's carelessness began to manifest itself. He came in one evening and left his hat on the dining-room table. When he sat down to dinner the hat was still there, between the soup tureen and the fern dish. Mrs. Niblick, at her end of the table, looked sweetly unconscious of the odd decoration.

'Hello! What's my hat doing there?'

'I was wondering.'

'I should think that girl would know enough to hang a man's hat up where it belongs!'

'I told her never to disturb any of your personal belongings, dear. Didn't you want it there?'

'I meant to hang it up on the hall rack as I came in.'

'That does seem rather more suitable for it, doesn't it?'

Niblick laughed and hung up his hat. But when he changed his linen that evening to go out he tossed what he had discarded on the floor of his dressing room. When, on the evening following, he found it in the same place he told his wife that the floor had not been swept.'

'Certainly it has,' said Mrs. Niblick. 'Oh, is that why you thought so? How absurd! Have you never seen that hamper in the closet? That's for soiled clothes, dear.'

Niblick picked up his things and threw them into the hamper.

After that a cigar stub remained a fixture on the library clock for two weeks before Niblick removed it. Meantime articles were accumulating on all sides—newspaper clippings, burned matches, torn envelopes, golf sticks, and so on. Finally, when his smoking-jacket was found only after a long search, Niblick declared that the domestic's ideas of tidying up were those of an idiot. 'The apartment looks like a dump-heap,' said he.

'There's a division in your closet for your smoking-jacket,' said Mrs. Niblick, 'but if you prefer to hang it on a door-knob I've nothing to say.'

Niblick immediately owned that he was an untidy brute. But why haven't you spoken to me about these things? I just forget, you know.'

'You'll learn to remember, perhaps. You are systematic enough at your office.'

'I have to be,' said Niblick, ingenuously.

'As for speaking to you,' said Mrs. Niblick, 'your mother tried that for a number of years, I understand. But don't let that worry you, dear. You shall put your things exactly where you please. Only no one will pick them up after you.

Niblick is now learning fast.—'The Youth's Companion.'

About Play.

The English people are a home game-playing people, and Americans might catch a good hint or two from them on this point. Is it not true that in the administration of the average American home—we emphasize average for the exceptions' sake—'every man for himself' is the ruling principle. When evening brings freedom from work, it is well for the boy—and man—who can find and supply his own amusement, but if so be he wants to play, the chances are few that anyone else in that particular group of individuals—'related' though they be—will want to play his play.

Fathers and mothers need to look into this matter of play with much seriousness. If father himself be one of those who must needs turn to playthings for his evening's relaxation, then mother and sister must shoulder the responsibility, for mark you, the child who plays, be he eight years old or forty-eight, is also a child in this, that he seeks a 'playfellow.' Seriousness is a game of solitaire. Play never.

If mothers and sisters would learn to amuse, by games, music, reading aloud, and other forms of unselfish amusement, many of the child-men would never dream of going to the home's arch enemy for their play—a real necessity of their nature.

We have in mind at this writing a woman of serious, self-reliant, mature mind, who through all the years of wifehood and motherhod has never let her husband and son find out how irksome the recurrent chess, bagatelle, and backgammon boards have been to her. They were her men-children. If they had not played at home they would have played elsewhere, and one of them began life with a tendency to inebriety. But 'mother' has never failed and she is towing them away to the kingdom of God. She might have read many books in these past years, and have sewed many seams. She 'has' helped to save souls. And what shall a women give in exchange for dear ones' souls?

Let no one dream that we claim for an instant that an outbreaking of games and play will empty saloons. The saloon catches men by more than one bait and through more than one need and weakness and deception. But we do claim that the loneliness of many a play-hungry individual has been a factor in drawing him to look through the gay saloon window with the later catastrophe of his complete enthralment, and that this phase of temperance work is not to be despised while men are born with minds that never wholly outgrow the desire to play.

Selected Recipes.

Berry Muffins.—Any good recipe can be used for berry muffins, but the batter should be made somewhat thicker than usual or the fruit will be apt to sink. One cupful of fruit to three of flour is the usual allowance.

Fig Cake.—Wash and chop two pounds of pulled figs. Beat half a pound of butter to a cream; add the same weight of sugar; beat again and add five eggs well beaten, without separating. Dust the fruit with half a cupful of flour. Add half a cupful of grape juice, the juice of an orange, and half a nutmeg, grated, to the sugar mixture; mix, add one pint of flour; beat, and then stir in the fruit. Bake in a five-pound fruit cake pan, in a moderate oven, for four hours.

Quick Baked Potatoes.—If it is necessary to bake potatoes in a hurry, the process may be considerably shortened by putting them first in boiling salted water for ten minutes; they are then taken out and put into the oven and will bake in a very short time. The object is to heat them through quickly, this process being slowly accomplished if left to the oven alone.—'Green's Fruit-Grower.'

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